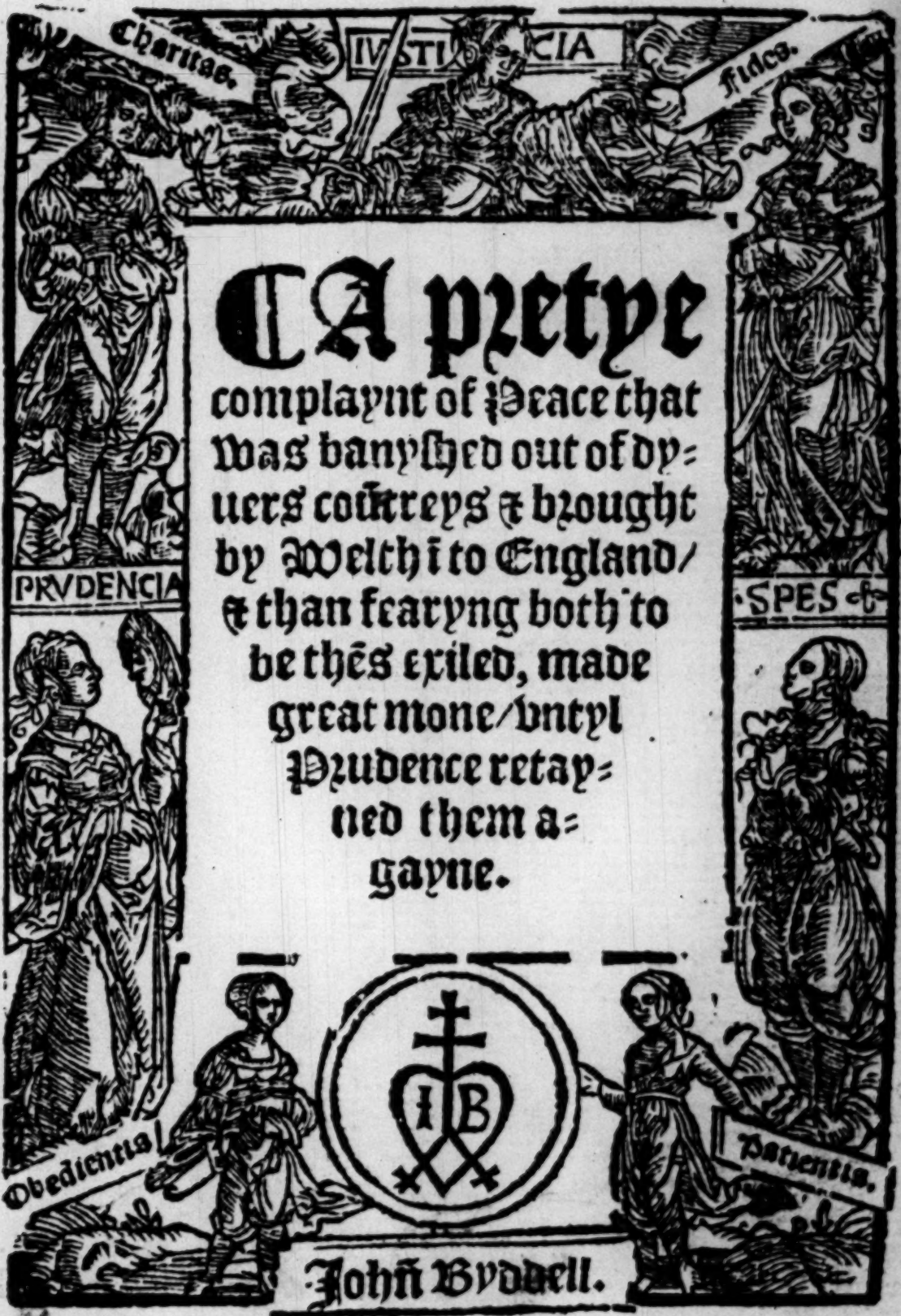

A pretye complaynt of Peace that was banyshed out of dyuers countreys & brought by Welthi to England/ & than fearyng both to be thēs exiled, made great mone/ vntyl Prudence retayned them agayne.

John Byddell.

5611

Gift of
Arthur A. Houghton
May 31, 1940.

¶ The prologe to the reder.

AN one vnworthy to wryte or dedicate
For lacke of cōning or pleasaūt eloquence
This simple worke, to any great estate
Or vnto them whiche haue experience
Of goodly lernynge by grace and influence
yet my poore hert which wysheth all thynge well
wold Peace & welth in England styl shold dwell

The poorest sorte therfore I do nowe praye
This for to rede, for they may dayly se
That where a house is fallen in decaye
It hath moost nede, newe mended for to be
So is this mater moost mete for pouerte
That nede of welth, which doth cōplayne & tell
That Peace and he in Englande coulde not dwell

How beit all men I hertely desyre
For to receyue my true intencion
whiche by this treatyse shall playnly well appere
That to my countrey I haue so good affection
To shewe the people, what hurt cōmeth of discen-
wherfore yf ye wyll florysshe and excell (cion
Let Peace and welth, in Englande euer dwell

¶ The ende of the prologe.

5611

¶ The complaynte of Peace.

WEre it for theyr profyte that on euery syde
When me refused I coulde be content
But seynge that in all the worlde so wyde
where I am not, they haue cause to lamẽt
why sholde I than theyr madnes repent
whiche euer more are redy to rebell
And me exyle, which with them fayne wold dwell

And yet of pity I greatly do bewayle
Theyr vnkyndnes and infilicite
To se the sorowe/the labour, and trauayle
That folowyth euer where as they banysshe me
yet one by an other can not warned be
Untyll they fele suche wo and greuous payne
That they are glad to wysshe for me agayne

Who wyll mourne at theyr misery
Or who may say one worde in theyr defence
For here I plede for my selfe truly
That to no man I neuer dyd offence
But euer cõmaunded, trouthe and obedience
Unto theyr prynce/and one to loue an other
As it besemeth euery chrysten brother

The brute beestes whiche lacke reason and wyt
Unto your shame, shewe loue and amitie
O folysshe man why doest thou than forget
thy name/thy nature/and eke thy dignitie
Remembre lyke whom, that god hath formed the
And the hath made a creature reasonable
Mete to receyue his gyftes incomparable

And yf that beestes/truly dyd me despyse
I wolde impute the contumely
therof to natnre/but ye that sholde be wyse
And haue of reason the very vse onely
Which that they lacke/ yet shewe they forth dayly
More frendly concorde accordynge to theyr kynde
Than any men that I can se or fynde

Beholde the byrdes in companyes that fle
Note how the dere, and shepe in herdes do fede
The fysshe by scoles that swym as ye may se
The swarmes of bees/and also ye may rede
Of lytle antes the polesye and gyde
And many beestes that seldome fight and rage
But man with reason sheweth hym more sauage

Me thynke that man of nature sholde desyre
To lyue in peace/remembrynge in his mynde
How poore and naked he fyrst in entred here
whan nature onely was to hym suche a frende
To gyue hym souke/to swadell, and to wynde
whiche elles forthwith than in his infancye
Must nedes haue dyed, there was no remedy

And yet yf nature with you can haue no place
In whom that reason ought to be resident
whiche in brute beestes auayleth in that case
I wyll you shewe a thynge more excellent
whiche sholde perswade, your frowarde yll intent
To loue/whiche is of Chryst the true doctryne
And ought to be your onely discyplyne

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To loue/whiche is of Chryst the true doctryne
And ought to be your onely discyplyne

That doctryne onely ye lay you haue profest
where are the dedes that sholde it than declare
Of concorde/peace/quiernes/and rest
whan one with other, to fyght styll wyll not spare
I am a byrde that lene is very rare
In any lande there to contynue longe
yet euer gladly I wolde them amonge

But I am dryuen away on euery syde
From lande to lande worse than a banysshed man
In any countrey, small tyme I do abyde
I am full wery/what remedy nowe than
Is there no counsell, that any gyue me can
where that I may nowe haue a restynge place
Amonge some people, that haue so good a grace

In Fraunce I trusted amonge them for to dwell
But there I founde my purpose was in vayne
For they full fearfly away dyd me expell
Than fled I thens to Flaunders & to Spayne
But warre myne enemy persued fast agayne
So that I was from thens full fayne to flye
In sundry countreys, and so to Italye

In Italy I was a certayne space
And sawe the bysshop with his cardinals
Dwellyng i Rome, with whō I found smal grace
I may them lyke full well to paynted wals
Recorde of Paule, whiche one of them so cals
whiche dyd hym stryke/nothynge vnto his prayse
Agayne my wyll, whiche that am called Pease

I dyd abhorre theyr great abhomynacion
To se howe lordly they dyd bothe go and ryde
Nothynge lyke to Chrystes apostles fasshyon
There was couetous/lechery/and pryde
with other knackes, that I coulde not abyde
For prety poyson, there wrought so preuyly
I had small comforte to dwell in Italy

Than as I muled whyther for to fare
whan as an outlawe they dyd me reprehende
A frende of myne dyd me not to care
For in to Englande he sayd he wolde me sende
whiche countrey to me so hyly dyd commende
And his reporte I toke it also sure
That there for euer I thought styll to endure

Of welth I herde this goodly cõmendacion
whiche to me truly was no small comforte
To here of Englande the goodly cytuacion
wherfore in haste I gate me to a porte
And sayled thens vntyll I dyd resorte
Vnto that lande, where euen as welth had sayd
I founde all thyng, whiche made me well apayde

For in that region I had full gentyll chere
with welth my frende that helde me company
whiche in Englande had dwelled many yere
And me assured that euen so sholde I
wherto I agreed, and so we bothe truly
Came to a city/where all thynge was pleasaunt
Called London, somtyme Troye nouaunt

This city to me all other dyd excell
Theyr goodly ordre was to me great pleasure
There found I concorde which lyked me ful well
with true dealyng/iust wayght/& good measure
Plenty of vitayle/golde,and great treasure
And Iustyce ruled there moost lyke a kynge
whiche was to me surely a full ioyfull thynge

The poore people I sawe them fast apply
Theyr true labour, theyr housholdes to maynteyn
That glad I was to se how louyngly
One dyd for other,refusynge no great payne
Loue in theyr hertes appered thereso playne (me
That there was neighbour,come dyne & go with
And I shall surely go twyse as farre with the

Those louynge wordes greatly dyd me reioyce
So that I was in great felicitye
But sodeynly I herde a wonders noyse
Of one,Discencyon,come in the north countree
whiche was euer an enemy to me
And men of hym so greatly spake and sayd
That I was neuer before so mochе afrayde

yet dyd I hyde me there full preuely
In hope that wysedome,wolde put hym to flyght
How beit I sawe there was no remedy
But that to warre all men were redy dyght
wantyng nothyng that shold them helpe to fight
Full wo was I to se poore wyues mone
For theyr husbandes which to ỹ war were gone

Me thought London was chaunged sodeynly
For there was rombleyng and serche on euery syde
For bowes/bylles/speres/and swerdes truly
For gonnes/gonpoudre/and horses for to ryde
Alas thought I what shall of me betyde
Suche ratlynge of harneys I dyd both here & se
That I am dryuen from hens away to fle

Than in a nyght I stale me thens away
And toke my tourney towarde the west countrey
The next mornyng soone after sprynnge of day
I had espyed a ryght great company
Of harneysed men/than in a bushe crepte I
Tyll they were passe/I was full sore afrayde
They clatered cornish I know not what they said

But than I was brought in to moche dispayre
For west nor Est, I wyst not where to go
In all Englande I sawe men dyd repayre
To warre/to warre/my cruell mortall fo
And as I was in this distresse and wo
I sawe one cõmyng full sad with heuy chere
Not lyke to fyght, to whom I drewe me nere

He dyd salute me with all gentylnes
Me thought he was a man of honeste
How beit his chere suche sorowe dyd expres
That I forgate playne what that he sholde be
With his sad garments, which mornyng were to se
Untyll he spake, and toke me by the hande
And sayd he was lyke to forsake this lande

Than by his voyce I knewe full well his name
which yet was chaunged through wo & penfulnes
What welth sayd I? ye Peace & he the same
where art thou bounde in this great heuynes
It dothe appere thou arte in wofulnes
And yf in Englande there be no place for the
Than knowe I well there is no grace for me

Welthe.

No no Peace, thou must from hens departe
And so must I, which doth me moche repent
The people are so fonde and ouerthwarte
That vntyll we a whyle haue ben absent
And warre haue made them bare and indigent
They wyll not knowe the great diuersite
Of Peace, and warre/welth, and aduersite

O Englande, Englande it dothe me greatly rue
The to forsake, whiche than must nedes decaye
How beit thy people so fraple are and vntrue
That Peace and I with you abyde not maye
whiche wyll at length, surely cause you to saye
Alas that euer we were so madde and wode
Them to exyle whiche were our frendes so good

Forsoth Peace/this dare I sure affarme
Of Englande haue I suche experience
That no countrey is able do it harme
And yf they kepe their true obedience
This lande sure is of suche excellence
They nede not feare no chrystien kynge nor Jewe
yf in them selfe they be both iust and trewe

Peace.

welth thou hast spoken not all that might be said
Of pleasaunt Englande, but nowe let it suffyse
For I ensure the I am full sore afrayde
To se the people on euery syde aryse
wherfore I pray the nowe gyue me thyne aduyse
This goodly countrey I wolde not yet forsake
And yf I wyst the besynes wolde aslake

Welthe.

To gyue the counsell nowe beynge in distresse
I am in doubte what I to the may say
which am in daunger as moche as thou doubtles
But yf thou wylte nedes tary and assay
yf that the worlde wyll turne a better way
In to some abbey amonge religious men
There hyde thy selfe, that is my counsell then

Peace.

Nay nay, by god I thynke not that waye best
I do mystrust theyr cloked holynes
There is no place for me to hyde in rest
For some men thynke that of this besynes
yf all were tryed they wolde not be gyltles
wherfore those felowes I dare not come a nye
For feare some thyng be founde with them a wrye

What may I do nowe for a certeyne space
To se yf that this mater wyll amende
For in no towne I dare ones shewe my face
wel in to wyldernes, I wyll nowe surely wende
And there to tary a tyme I do intende
My frende welth, what shal become of the
wylt thou not now a whyle go dwel with me

Welthe.

Alas Peace to lyue in wylde deserte
I haue not vsed, wherfore it wolde me greue
How sholde I welth there haue a mery herte
where is no comforte, no socour nor relyue
But here of promes my trouth to the I gyue
And yf thou woylte in wyldernes go dwel
I wyll go se yf all thynge may be wel

For to the courte I wyll straycht take my way
I am in fauour with the kynges counsell
There shal I heare some thyng what they do say
Of that false knaue (Discencion) that rebell
And yf of trouthe that I may ones heare tel
That he be gone, with spede I wyll me hye
To bryng the worde where euer that thou be

Peace.

I se wel welth that thou canst not endure
In forestes wylde, amonge the bushes thycke
Thou hast ben vsed so moche vnto pleasure
That cold & hunger ychaūce wold make the sycke
wherfore fare wel good deynty gentyl greke
For at the courte ye wyll go fyll your wallet
And in the woodes I must go pyke a sallet

Welthe

My frende Peace/ I praye the be content
My faythfull mynde thou nedest not to mystruste
But sythe thou hast a cowardes herte so faynt
That in ꝑ wodes now nedes hyde the thou must
I wyll auenture to proue and se the worst
And yf that wysdome may cause dyscorde to fle
That tydynges in post I wyll sure bryng to the

And yf I se no hope nor remedy
But that Discencion is lyke to preuayle
yet vnto the agayne sure come wyll I
And out of England than wyl we both hens sayle
whiche wyl at length cause them ful sore to wayle
wherfore farewell, syth we must nedes departe
And after sorowe god sende a mery herte

¶ A Wofull complaynt of Peace, whan Welthe had forsaken hym.

NOw am I here poore Peace lefte all alone
which am cõstrayned to lyue in wyldernes
For welthe my frende vnto the court is gone
He must nedes be where as all pleasure is
How beit I haue yet some comforte of this
In courte men say is good to haue a frende
But out of syght perchaunce wyll out of mynde

For welthe in courte where is so good welfare
His olde true frendes dothe many tymes forgete
And specyally yf they be poore and bare
But yf with welthe no more that I may mete
yet suche a letetr to hym than wyll I wryte
That he shall knowe he is to moche vnkynde
That out of syght I sholde be out of mynde

But of one thynge I am certayne and sure
Thoughe welth in court lyue well & pleasauntly
That there he maye no great longe tyme endure
Except I Peace must thyther come truely
Wherfore some payne a whyle suffre wyll I
And se whiche waye that hurlle wyll the wynde
Thoughe out of syght I be and out of mynde

O welthe welthe, of the maye I complayne
That in to Englande brought me fyrst to dwell
Whiche to forsake it were to me great payne
This goodly countrey forsothe I lyke so well
O madde people bothe folyshe and cruell
Small cause haue ye to triumphe or to ioye
your pleasaunt lande vnwyselye to destroye

Suppose ye by warre to cause it to encrease
In honoure, substaunce, ryches, and dygnyte
Nay nay truelye for yf that I poore Peace
Dens be exyled, than loke for powerte
Warre nothynge bryngeth but great calamite
ye folyshe people what thynge do ye intende
your owne dystruccyon styll folowyth at the ende

For thoughe I coulde now many thynges resyte
How euyll euer that rebelles haue preuayled
Whiche that I thynke not mete as nowe to wryte
yet men alyue are which that haue bewayled
Theyr noughty purpose which falsly hath thē fai-
alle westerne mē which ones wer mad & wild led
Howe wel they sped for goyng to blackheth felde

I thynke small cause ye haue for to complayne
Excepte it be of pleasaunt welthynes
For no nacyon indureth lesser payne
who hath it proued/the matter may expres
But sure in Englande there is moche ydelnes
whiche is the rote of great debate and stryfe
For euery wretche wyll lede an easy lyfe

Howbeit truely/there is a common sayenge
That great ryche men/and borne to moche lande
Are chefe causers of good poore mens decayenge
with keppyng of fermes/& pastors in theyr handes
I knowe not I/howe that the matters standes
But I am sure that Englande maye alone
Susteyne his people/requyrynge helpe of none

what sholde I medle with rerages and fynes
whiche with extremyte/that some men do requere
wherfore poore mē/full often grones and whynes
theyr tenementes set so hye and dere
They are yll greued & yet they knowe not where
And of theyr paynes wolde fayne haue remedye
How beit theyr medsyne lyke poyson is contrarye

ye seke for ease as men whiche lacke all wytte
And worthy sure/of great reproue and blame
God hath ordeyned a kynge royall and mete
For to commaunde Justyce in his name
all thynges to prder/to setle and to frame
whome that ye ought to honour and obey
And not to seke by warre a folyshe way

warre is the cause of great destruccyon
It bryngeth men to wretched powerte
And they whiche are/in true possessyon
Theyr very ryght causeth them to fle
They are to blynde/forsoth that wyll not se
The great ruyne that foloweth cruell warre
where none is made/but euery man dothe marre

For many a Duke/Erle/Lorde/and knyght
whiche thorowe Peace/do lyue full welthly
By force of warre/are dryuen frome theyr ryght
And men of substaunce are brought to mysery
The poore plowman/also full wofully
whiche pyketh out his lyuinge with great payne
Soweth his corne/into the grounde in vayne

For warre destroyeth bothe Cyte Towne & lande
who can expresse any wretchednesse
But that in warre it redy maye be fande
Extreme hunger/but synne with mooste excesse
Murder/burnynge/theefte/and fylthynesse
what chrysten man can loue that noughty lyfe
where they deflorysshe both wydow/mayd & wyfe

ye ought of truthe greatly to be ashamed
yf that ye note/your frowarde yll intent
That ye for christians/wold loke ons to be named
Sith christ your maister which was from heuē .sēt
Shewed by his lyfe/and his commaundement
That he had Peace/in fauoure mooste of pryce
But you loue warre/and count your selfe for wyse

And yet as fooles ye wyll ſure proue at length
ye make a rod to beate your tayle withall
God wyl be true, for al your power and ſtrength
your folyſche pryde wyll haue a ſhamfull fall
O frowarde man to thy remembraunce call
That warres rewarde ſhall be to the agayne
For all thy labour but ſorowe, wo, and payne

Of Paules epiſtles ye ſhal rede fewe or none
But that with Peace he dothe al men ſalute
And how dothe he extoll my name alone
To the Corinthians, where he dothe me repute
Moſt worthy prayſe, which thing ſhold you ſtute
That fauour warre, the rote of euery vice
Out of your foly for ſhame aryſe aryſe

what ſholde I expreſſe that Eſaye doth me prayſe
whiche beynge inſpired with the ſpirite diuyne
Prophelyed before ꝑ Chryſt ſholde come in Peace
Not lyke a warriour which cauſeth moche ruyne
Syth that a hethen poet wrote ſo fyne
Countyng Peace (to your great ſhame I wus)
Chiefe of all thynges / whoſe name was Sillius

Alas alas what maye I farther ſaye
Sith hethen poetes your honour do depryue
which haue nothyng but reaſon for to laye
And ye the teſtament of gods mooſt holy lyfe
To loue diſcencion / diſcorde / debate and ſtryfe
ye may be counted vnto your vtter ſhame
As men vſurpynge, of Chryſt a wrongfull name

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Of authors more/what nede I to indyte
Syth god hym selfe chiefe author of all thynge
Dothe me cōmende, whiche ought you to excyte
To loue) whiche dothe so many pleasures brynge
And I doubte not, but that there is a kynge
In Englande, whiche so wel dothe fauour me
That I agayne shall come to my degre

But nowe of welthe I longe greatly to heare
which in the court hath suche good bankettynge
He thynketh lytle vpon my euyl chere
That in the wodes, I haue, where byrdz so synge
I wolde reioyce nowe moche of his commynge
It is. viij. wekes syth that on yonder playne
He went fro me/god sende hym sone agayne

I meruayle moche he is awaye so longe
How beit his taryenge I lyke it some what wel
For I suppose, and yf all thynge were wronge
He is to wyse there to abyde and dwel
Some mery tydynges I hope he wyl me tel
wherfore come welth my mynde doth moch desire
To se the ones, now pleasauntly appere

¶ welth saluteth Peace.

God blysse the Peace, & sende the wel to fare
Thou hast me thynke a chaunged peare of chekes
Is it with hunger, or els with wo and care
what meat hast thou? onyons/chese/or lekes
Thou art abated ryght euyll in. viij. wekes
Plucke vp thy herte/be mery, glad and fayne
Discencion is gone, with all his noughty trayne

Peace.

Now welcome welth euen with all my hert
Thy mery tydynges dothe greatly me reioyce
Me thynke that gone is all my care and smert
Thy ioyfull wordes do make so good a noyse
Now of my meat thou shalt sure haue the choyse
And for thy drynke, for lacke of pleasaunt wyne
I wyl the gyue swete water, clere and fyne

Welthe.

Gramercy Peace of thy great gentylnes
I meruayle not that thou art macerate
To se thy fare so bare in wyldernes
For al thyng here thy courage dothe abate
How be it agayne, I trust to eleuate
The) for with wysedom I trust so sure to stande
That false Discencion shal neuer hurt this lande

And who thynkest thou hath caused hym to fle
whiche in this mater hath wrought moost besyly
But Prudence) that is a frende to the and me
And he hath handled the thynge so wyttyly
That we haue cause to loue hym hertely
For by his wysedome, his labour, & his payne
All thynges are ended, & no man kylled nor slayne

But Peace I pray the now with all haste & spede
The to prepare vnto the court to wende
And I shall holde the company and gyde
The kynges grace dyd me vnto the sende
To brynge the forthe, whiche doth the so cõmende
That thou art bounde for euermore to loue
That godly price, which war doth morhe reprouc

And noble men which are his counsellers
So dothe the fauour, that thou canst neuer fall
For some of them haue pued ỹ chaũce of warres
whiche knowe it is the spryngе of myschiefes all
And I am sure that many one now shall
whiche were great doers in this besynes
whyle that they lyue, fynde payne of nedynes

But wo alas this nacion is so frayle
That often tymes of foly mad and vayne
They wolde set forth the blynde & folysshe tayle
To rule the heed which hath bothe wyt & brayne
I say no more, for many knowe the payne
That hath ensued of false discorde and stryfe
Though they haue scaped the hasard of theyr lyfe

Peace.

O lusty welthe, nowe cherefull is my mode
Though fooles of foly the sorowe do sustеyne
That I do fynde the kynge to me so good
within his lande me styll for to retayne
And that his lordes of me be also fayne
I do reioyce therof so hertely
That to the courte I wyll go merely

Welthe.

Now come on than, for thou arte founde absent
In wyldernes thou mayst not hyde thy face
Thou must obey the kynges cõmaundement
with whom thou art in fauour and in grace
He wyll the sende abrode in euery place
To shewe his people his blessed godly wyll
That thou and I/ in Englande dwel shall styll

Nowe by my faythe I wyll neuer deny
Hym for to serue, which is so gracyous
wherfore haue with the forth strayght by & by
My herte is pleased that was full tedious
Syth that the way is nothynge daungerous
wherfore I trust to make a plentyous tayme
Now war is gone, that cursed noughty cayme

For I may tryumphe, which late in wyldernes
was in dispayre lest welth had me disceyued
whan he departed fro me but now doubtles
In to the court I am so wel receyued
That many thynge which war wold haue decayed
I trust to se them florysshe vp and spryngе
There is so noble and gracious a kynge

whom god I praye, his royall maieste
alwayes preserue and make hym fortunate
Agayne all those what euer that they be
That wolde vnwysely or falsly violate
Engalnde his realme) and maynteyn euery estate
with gentylmen, and commons good and true
And cause rebels theyr folysshnes to rue

FINIS.

F. 5. 3

¶ Imprynted at London in Flete strete/ at the signe of the sonne, by me Johan Byddell.

Cum priuilegio.

1533-44

Elizabeth Aston

5611

Complaint